

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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VOL. V. NO. 9.

QUINCY CARDS.

The following is a list of First-class Quincy Business Houses and representative men. We would call the attention of those of our patrons who deal in Quincy, especially country merchants, to this list. Especial care was taken to have first-class, responsible men on the list.

G. BERNHEIMER & BROS.

LARGEST AND FINEST
DRY GOODS HOUSE,
IN QUINCY.
Invite you to
CALL WHEN IN THE CITY

EXAMINE THEIR BEAUTIFUL
STOCK OF

BLACK SILK,
COLORED SILKS,
SATINS,
SATIN FOULARDS,
SUMMER SILKS,
CASHMERES

In black and colors. Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves
Parasols, Housekeeping goods, etc., etc.
Orders by Mail Promptly Filled. Sam-
ples Sent on Application.

FIRST CLASS
DRESS MAKING DEPARTMENT
In connection with the House.
WEDDING TROUSERS
A SPECIALTY
G. BERNHEIMER & BROS.
STRICTLY ONE PRICE HOUSE
407-409-HAMPSHIRE ST.
QUINCY, ILLS.

J. STERN & SONS,

WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS,
433-23 Hampshire street,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

H. C. MILLER,

Manufacturer of
BAKING POWDER,
SPICE, EXTRACTS, PRESERVES, JELLIES,
ETC.,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.
Ask your jobber for my goods. They will make
money for you and please your customers.

L. C. WILLIAMSON,

BRASS FOUNDER,
MODEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER,
Third and Main Streets,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.
All work guaranteed satisfactory or no pay. Cash
paid for old copper, brass, zinc and lead.

H. C. NICHOLS,

LAW AND REAL ESTATE,
508 Main Street,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

SMITH, HILL & CO.,

Manufacturers of
IRON HOUSE FRONTS,
AND ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,
Quincy, Illinois.
Corner Fifth and Ohio streets.

J. H. MICHELMANN,

Manufacturer of all kinds of
STEAM BOILER
Coal Oil, Lard and Water Tanks,
Coolers, Kettles, Etc.,
Also all kinds of Iron Work, Smoke Stacks and
Pipes. Special attention given to all kinds of
repairs. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly
attended to. Second hand boilers always on hand
at corner Spring and Sec Streets.
QUINCY ILLINOIS.

EBER & WALTERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
GARDEN, FIELD & FLOWER
SEEDS,
Agents for Cairo and Michigan Fruit Boxes. 530
Main street, Quincy, Ill.
(Send for descriptive catalogue.)

HOUSE FURNISHING,

I can furnish—
PARLOR, SITTING ROOM, BED ROOM,
and Kitchen complete, with Furniture, Carpets,
Stoves, Gas ranges and every article needed from
cellar to garret. The only one of the kind in
Quincy. I can save you money and time and
you can suit your outfit to your purse. Special
prices on complete outfits.
D. DEVOL,
412, Main street, Quincy, Ill.

THE GEM CITY FILE WORKS,

A. C. BICKHAUS,
Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of hand and
machine cut
FILES AND RASPS,
Old Files and Rasps re-cut, and all work warranted.
Factory, 118 Broadway, Quincy, Ill.

DR. G. W. THOMPSON,

DENTIST,
QUINCY, ILL.

OFFICE—21 North Fifth Street, Over Parkhurst's
Store.

HARVEY CHATTEN,

ARCHITECT,
QUINCY, ILL.
Plans and Specifications furnished for all classes
of work and promptly attended to and satisfaction
guaranteed. Correspondence solicited.

DR. H. WOODS,

OCULIST,
23 North Fifth Street,
Quincy, Ills.

P. C. CLAYBERG, M. D.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.
OFFICE HOURS—8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 4, and 7 to 9 P. M.
Office, 21 North Fifth street and residence 23 North
Fifth Street.

BLAINE AND LOGAN.

(For the Graphic.)
Hear the slogan Blaine and Logan
Loudly sound the battle cry,
Sons of freedom rally round these
Blaine and Logan
None more noble, none more worthy.
Than the chiefs who lead us now
On to victory, on to glory.
Let green laurels deck each brow.
Hail the shout from Maine to Georgia
That all the world may know,
That our victorious banner
Is sweeping on o'er every foe,
Oregon and Colorado
Catch after the glorious cry
Shout aloud for Blaine and Logan
Till the echoes reach the sky,
Soldiers rally round brave Logan,
Statesmen stand by gallant Blaine;
Then go sweeping on to victory.
From California back to Maine,
Hear the slogan Blaine and Logan,
Loudly sound the battle cry;
Sons of freedom rally round them
Hail aloft their standard high.

THE PROFESSOR

THE HARRY.

(Condensed from Cornhill Magazine.)

IV
Calmer reflection showed the professor that he had given Mrs. Harrington credit for the most extreme disinterestedness, not because of any single thing that she had said or done, but simply from an instinctive feeling that her nature was nobler than it appeared to be upon the surface. He maintained the high opinion he had formed of her, but he wished he had not been interrupted just when he was on the point of asking her in plain terms whether she intended to marry Bob Annesley or not. He might have called again and repaired the omission, had he not at this time found it necessary to consult certain authorities at the British museum, and once away it was a month before he was in Lichbury again.

Almost the first person whom he saw after his return was Bob Annesley, and Bob's round face wore an air of such profound dejection that even a short-sighted and absent-minded man could not help noticing it.

"All well here, I hope," said the professor interrogatively. "Have you seen our friends, the Cecils lately?"
Bob shook his head. "I shall never go there any more; I shall be out of this before long. Sent in my papers last week."

"What?" exclaimed the professor, rather startled. And then, as they were near his door, "Come in," he said, "and tell me all about it."
The young man obeyed listlessly. "You may as well tell all about it now," he remarked; "everybody will have to know soon."

The professor was greatly perturbed, feeling that he had been somehow to blame in absents himself at a critical time. He did not ask for further explanations, but having preceded his young friend into the library, began at once: "This must not be allowed to go on, Annesley. I am sincerely sorry for Mrs. Harrington, but I can't think it right that two people should be made miserable in order that she may be provided with a large income. I am disappointed in her, I confess. I had hoped—but no matter. Since she won't break with you, you must break with her; and possibly some sort of compensation might be offered in a delicate manner."

"I can't break with her," interrupted Bob quietly. "We were married three weeks ago. There was no help for it," continued Bob. "I promised her ages ago that I would marry her if her husband died, and I couldn't go back from my word when the time came."

"Her husband?" ejaculated the professor. "This is worse than I thought. Do I understand you that she has had a husband all this time?"
"Well, he died a month or two ago—when she was away in the summer, you know. He had behaved awfully badly to her—deserted her soon after they were married. It was no fault of hers."

"It was certainly a fault of hers to receive another man's addresses while she was a married woman," said the professor severely.

"Oh, well, if you like to call it so; but I suppose I was as much in the wrong as she was. Anyhow, I was bound to her. I told her about—about Violet, you know, but she didn't seem to think that made much difference. So, you see, there was no getting out of it," concluded Bob simply.

"There is no getting out of it now," remarked the professor, with a rueful face; "and I don't think you have improved matters by getting married in that hole-and-corner way. What was your object in doing that?"

"She thought it would be better," answered the young man indifferently; "and, as far as that goes, I agreed with her. It has saved us a good deal of bother with my people; besides which I didn't care to let all the fellows in the regiment hear of it before I left."

The professor groaned. He saw that the only course open to him, or to any of Bob's friends, was to make the best of a bad business; and promising to keep the secret until it should be a secret no longer, he allowed the young man to depart without offering him a word of consolation. Why he should have felt moved, some hours

later, to walk over to the lodgings which were still occupied by the bride, he would have been puzzled to explain. She could not undo what she had done nor was there anything to be gained by upbraiding her. Perhaps it was rather a strong feeling of curiosity than anything else that led him to her door.

Having learned that she was at home and alone, he followed the servant upstairs, and was presently in the shabby little drawing room so well known to the officers of the Twenty-seventh. Mrs. Harrington—to call her by the name which she had not yet formally resigned—rose from the chair in which she had been sitting by the fireside, and turned a curiously altered countenance toward her visitor. The professor was at once struck by her extreme pallor, and by her air of weary despondency. To look at her, one would have thought that she had just sustained a crushing defeat, instead of having gained a victory.

"You have seen Bob?" she began.
"Ah!" sighed the professor, speaking out his thought without ceremony, "I fear you have made a terrible mistake, both of you."

"Yes," she answered, and said no more, though he waited some time for her to explain herself.

"What made you do it?" he exclaimed at length. "You must have known that you were laying up an endless store of wretchedness for your husband and yourself; and I can hardly believe that you were influenced only by the motives that you mentioned when I was here last."

"There was one motive which I didn't mention," said Mrs. Harrington. "You hardly know enough about me to be amused by it; but I have no doubt that the regiment would consider it an exquisite joke if I were to assert that I married Bob Annesley because I loved him. And yet it isn't very odd that I should love him. He was crazy in love with me once; he was kind to me when no one else was kind; he treated me like a lady; while other men, who were, by way of being my friends, insulting me more or less directly every day. Oh, I know what you are saying to yourself. You are saying that if I had really cared for him at all, I should not have married him against his will. But I thought I might reckon without his will—he has got little of it. I believed that I could win him back, and that, when once we were married, he would forget his fancy for Miss Cecil, as he has forgotten other fancies before. Now that is too late, I have found out that I was wrong. If I had known three weeks ago as much as I know now, I would have died a thousand times rather than have married him. He hates me, and I am rightly punished for my blindness and obstinacy."

She had spoken quietly at first, then with a good deal of excitement; but now her voice dropped to a whisper as she crouched down over the fire muttering, "Yes, I am punished—I am punished."

The professor frowned, for he disliked melodrama.
"Why did you go away and leave me alone with my temptation?" she cried, starting up suddenly. "You might have prevented this."

"I cannot flatter myself," answered the professor coldly, "that my influence with you would have been sufficiently strong for that."

"It was stronger than you think. I liked you; you had been kind to me, and I was ready to listen to you. I have not forgotten how you stood by me that day when Mrs. Cecil turned her back upon me; women in my position don't forget such things. But you went away just when I most needed a friend, and so I allowed myself to be deceived by my vain hopes."

"If any words of mine could have caused you to think twice before you took this irrevocable step," returned the professor, "I can only regret most sincerely that business should have called me away at so important a moment; but there is little use in discussing what might have been. The only thing for you and your husband to do now is frankly to accept a situation from which you cannot escape."

"Unless by means of an overdose of chloral," suggested Mrs. Harrington, with a faint smile.
The professor got up. "Mrs. Harrington," said he, "you may yet prove yourself an excellent wife and make your husband happy; but you can hardly expect to do this easily or immediately. And if I were you I would not begin by making speeches which are silly if they are insincere, and wicked if they are not."

Thereupon he left the room without further leave-taking, while she, still bending over the fire, appeared unconscious alike of his rebuke and his exit. The professor, as he walked home, felt that he had been very severe, yet not unwarrantably so. "She is a foolish, theatrical woman," he said to himself; "and I strongly suspect that all that exaggerated penitence was assumed for a purpose. Of course her chief object now will be to conciliate her mother-in-law, and she probably imagines that my report of her may carry some weight in that quarter. But she makes a mistake, because I shan't report anything about her—good, bad, or indifferent. No more meddling with other people's business for me."

The professor would undoubtedly have felt confirmed in the harsh judgment which he had passed upon Bob Annesley's wife if he could have seen her at the meet on the following morn-

ing. Mrs. Harrington was a finished horsewoman, and never looked to so great an advantage as in the saddle. Upon the present occasion she rode a fidgety chestnut mare, the property of Capt. White, and the ease with which she managed her rather troublesome mount won her a great deal of admiration from the local members of the hunt. As for the officers, they clustered round her as usual, and admired admirably at her smart saying, and told her that she was in the form that morning. Bob hovered in the background, looking woe-begone.

The neighborhood of Lichbury does not bear a very high character among huntingmen, blank days being of by no means rare occurrence hereabouts, but there is always a fox to Lingham Gorse, and it was at Lingham Gorse that a fox was found on the particular morning with which we were concerned. The whole crowd got away together, and kept together for the first five minutes, going at racing speed across the short turf of the downs at the foot of which Lichbury stands. On this, the northern side, the gradual slopes of these hills form as good and safe galloping ground as any one could wish for; but their southern face is very different, falling away in precipitous chalk quarries and sharp declivities unwelcome to timid riders, and it was after crossing the backbone of the ridge that the field began to scatter right and left, only a few of the adventurous spirits riding straight ahead and trusting in Providence.

Among these was Mrs. Harrington. She was followed by Annesley and Capt. White, the latter of whom was watching her leading progress a little anxiously, and wishing, perhaps, that his chestnut mare was safe in her stable. It was not however, any fear on the mare's account that caused him to rein in suddenly and ejaculate: "Good God!"

About a furlong ahead a row of posts and rails had come into view, immediately beyond which—as every one who knew the country was well aware—was a chalk cliff some two hundred feet in depth. It seemed incredible that any human being, whether familiar with the country or not, should ride at such a fence, for there was nothing but sky visible upon the other side of it; but Mrs. Harrington was making straight for it now, and it was the discovery that she was doing so that called forth Capt. White's exclamation. He raised his hand to his mouth and sent a warning shout after her, and Bob, who saw the danger at the same moment, shouted too; but Mrs. Harrington did not appear to hear either of them, and, indeed, it was already too late for warnings to be of any avail. For an instant horse and rider rode dark against the grey sky, then vanished; and to those who waited there, helpless and horrorstruck, it seemed as if some minutes elapsed before the dull crash came which told them that poor Polly Harrington had taken her last leap.

"Awful thing!—most shocking sight I ever saw in my life!" Capt. White said, describing the catastrophe, some months afterwards, to an old brother officer. "But she must have been killed like a flash of lightning—there's some comfort in that. And, thought I wouldn't say so to any one else, I can't help thinking that the poor woman's death was about the best thing that could have happened. Fancy her having got Bob Annesley to marry her on the sly! Only shows what fools fellows are, eh? You've heard that he's engaged to that pretty Miss Cecil now, haven't you? It isn't given out yet, of course, and I suppose they'll have to let a year go by before they announce it formally; but everybody knows about it down in these parts."

Probably many less plain spoken persons than Capt. White agreed with him in thinking the unfortunate harpy's death the best thing that could have happened; but it may be hoped that Bob Annesley was not consciously among the number. The suddenness and the ghastly nature of the calamity gave him a shock from which his elastic spirits took a long time to recover; but he began to be more cheerful again after meeting Canon Stanwich and putting into words a dread which he had not liked to mention to other friends.

"I say," he asked hesitatingly, and keeping his eyes upon the ground, "do you believe—do you believe that—she did it on purpose?"

The professor evaded the question so cleverly that his interrogator quite imagined that he had answered it.
"I do not think," he said gravely, "that we have any right whatever to cast such an aspersion as that upon her memory."

THE END.

Many people in Audrain county are petitioning to have all stock restrained from running at large.

A motion has been made at St. Joe to set aside the sale made by the S. A. Richmond Medical company.

Hugh McMahon, who killed James Baker at Essex last September, has been arrested and jailed.

John W. Worick has bought the interest of John O. Roberts in the Imperial mills at Clarksville for \$15,000.

Smith Caruthers, a young lawyer at Marshall, died yesterday of hard drink, leaving a widow and one child.

A good deal of killing done in Perry county last fall is being taken up and old-fashioned culverts put in its place.

Orator and Prophet.

(Speech of Robert G. Ingersoll in presenting the name of James G. Blaine for the Presidential nomination at Cincinnati in June, 1876.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Massachusetts may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Brewster; so am I; but it any man nominated by this Convention cannot carry the State of Massachusetts, I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of this Convention cannot carry the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts by 75,000 majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of well known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman; they demand a reformer after as well as before the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest and best sense.

A MAN OF SUPERB MORAL COURAGE. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs; with the wants of the people; with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future. [Applause]

They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this Government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties and prerogatives of each and every department of this Government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States: one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world can not redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money, and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they can make it. [Applause]

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest field; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the chimney filled with eager fire, greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil.

This money has to be dug out of the earth. You can not make it by passing resolutions in a political convention. [Applause]

The Republicans of the U. S. want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen, at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders and protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation, divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is as spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a Confederate Congress. The man who has

IN FULL, HEADED AND ROUNDED MEASURE

all these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius: asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart science and brain beneath her flag—such a man is James G. Blaine. [Applause]

For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be defeat. This is a grand year—a year filled with recollections of the revolution; filled with the proud and tender memories of the past, with sacred legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; for the man who has snatched the mask of democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; for this man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who is still a total stranger to defeat. [Applause]

Like an armed warrior, LIKE A PLUMED KNIGHT, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full fair against the brazen forehead of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now, is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle. [Applause]

James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its fold without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the Convention, in the name of the great republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this

earth; in the name of all her defenders and of her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians—that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine

Let us be Patient.

No estimate of the result of Mr. Blaine's nomination has any value that does not start with the fact that the people alone, nominated him. Since the day of Andrew Jackson, no other candidate of either party has been so clearly the choice of the masses. Mr. Blaine had no patronage to help him. The organization of the party was wholly opposed to him. All the machinery that usually shapes nominations was employed to defeat him, and still he prevailed. His votes did not come from States where the Republican party is weak and helpless. Most of them represented Republican majorities, and his delegates were chosen in spite of patronage and party organization. A nomination so obtained means something.

Those who oppose Mr. Blaine ought to consider whether they are opposed to free government. Is it true that the people cannot be trusted? Must we admit that the excellent gentlemen who voted for Mr. Edmunds at Chicago have all the virtue and the purity which the people lack? Must we conclude that they alone are fit to govern this country, and that the people are not? It seems a little harsh to say that our form of government ought to be changed, so that a small minority can rule, but can we come to any other conclusion if we consider the opposition to Mr. Blaine justifiably? In the old days, the enemies of General Jackson insisted that they were altogether pure and worthy and that he was the worst man the country had ever seen and still, notwithstanding his election, we have managed to exist all these years. Is there not a bare possibility that passion and prejudice warp the judgment of men now, as in earlier times?

The Republican party is going to prevail this year, as it has prevailed for a quarter of a century. The worthy citizens who do not like Mr. Blaine have honorable example in the other worthy men who objected to Mr. Lincoln in 1864. Mr. Wade was one of them, and Mr. Sumner another; and yet they lived to learn that the Nation was wiser than they. Let us be patient. Mental dyspepsia is not an unpardonable sin. The good people who consider Mr. Blaine an objectionable candidate will feel better after a few days.

—N. Y. Tribune.

A New Game.

A fellow on the streets of Newton last Saturday afternoon had a new dodge. He commenced by showing a few common place slight-of-hand tricks, distributed a gross of two-for-a-nickel "genuine linen handkerchiefs," among the crowd that had gathered, and finally sowed a crop of silver dollars and afterwards reaped a bountiful harvest of cash. He sold a box containing a watch or a chain, and pretended to put a \$5 gold piece in the box. These he sold at \$8 each. Then he would offer five dollars for the box after the jewelry was taken out, but none of the buyers would sell—but opening the boxes the two five dollar gold pieces had flown. We learn that his receipts were not less than \$500, and that staid old citizens were among the victims. Again is the old saying that "a man who bets on another man's game is a fool." verified.—Newton (Iowa) Journal.

If experience should confirm what is claimed for it, a French physician, Dr. Delthil, has placed the civilized world under weighty obligation. He has discovered that the smoke of liquid tar and turpentine will dissolve the fibrous exudations which choke the throat in diphtheria and kill the patient by suffocation. Local applications of chloroform have been used by many physicians with good success, but they are of no use when the false membrane extends below the larynx. Dr. Delthil pours equal parts of turpentine and liquid tar into a pan or cup sets fire to the mixture. A dense resinous smoke rises which obscures the air of the room. "The patient," he says, "immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattle stop, the patient falls into a slumber, and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrous membrane becomes detached, and the patient sloughs up microkides. These, when caught in a glass, may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days afterward the patient entirely recovers."

The New York Sun says that the treatment was tried by Dr. Nichols upon a 9-year old child of one of its compositors. She was lying gasping for breath when he visited her, and was to week to endure tracheotomy or cutting the wind-pipe. The tar treatment was entirely successful, fulfilling Dr. Delthil's predictions in every particular.

Chicago packers have slaughtered 505,000 hogs since March 1. The number in the corresponding time last year was 490,000 and in 1882, 685,000.

The Q. M. & P. Railroad.

Mr. Gilsey McH. Train, the agent of a large New York financial house has been in Quincy for several days on private business; for the firm in connection with Wabash railway bond interests. Mr. Train was interviewed by a representative of *The Whig* upon the purpose of his visit, which he said was also directly to inspect the road-bed of the Quincy, Missouri & Pacific division of the Wabash and consult with bondholders relative to mutual measures for the preservation of their interests. The house with which he is connected carries a very large block of Wabash securities, among them some of the Q. M. & P. bonds. In answer to what is likely to become of these securities in the varying fortunes attending the management of the Wabash under the control of a receiver, Mr. Train said he was unable to conjecture the result of policy or of litigation. Much might depend upon the disposition of stockholders, bondholders and other directly interested in the line.

Mr. Train had just made a trip over the Q. M. & P. road and reports it in excellent condition and with satisfactory equipment. He said the Wabash would pass the July interest upon the Q. M. & P. bonds. This will raise the direct question of the ultimate disposition of the line. The old Q. M. & P. men—the company which transferred the road to the Wabash system—would then be enabled to recover the property, if they desired to do so. If not it would be sold out by the bondholders in the east, who are desirous of realizing on the securities or converting them into investments which will be profitable.

The future of the Quincy, Missouri & Pacific road is of a good deal of importance to Quincy business men. It ought to be managed in the interest of this city, as our citizens projected and built it. It ought not to be allowed to fall into unfriendly hands, which might divert its business from the natural terminus. We hope to be able to say before many days, that the members of the old company have asserted their rights and again secured control of the road, and that they will conclude to extend it to the Missouri river as an investment. They would thus have an independent line of railway for all time.—Quincy Whig.

Foreign Press Opinion.

LONDON, June 7.—The Times says: Blaine's nomination will be received with satisfaction. He has not only been the most popular candidate but the most conspicuous respected politician in the ranks of the republican party, which has done itself honor by the nomination of so well known and distinguished a man. If the democrats could make up their mind to a definite, reasonable free trade policy, they would certainly secure more sympathy on this side of the Atlantic than hitherto. Meantime we congratulate the republicans on the choice of a candidate so eminently suited as Blaine to represent and uphold the dignity of the United States.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."
Under the heading "A Beaconsfield Beyond the Sea," The Pall Mall Gazette says Blaine's nomination is the most notable event for English since Lincoln was assassinated. Wherever Blaine can oust the British from the position they hold on the American continent, he will endeavor to replace English influence and trade by American. His menacing intimidation, his disregard for the Clayton Bulwer treaty; is an evil augury for the future relation of England and America. His intervention in Peru was most ominous, when he declared he dislaid England to win commercial triumphs in fields which belong to America. England will watch with extreme solicitude the progress of the campaign.

An ingenious fellow in Barnesville, Ohio, has constructed a sheet iron hen that promises to lay him a golden egg. It is finished up to life, cackles, clucks and looks with one eye at a time, so naturally that it will deceive the oldest hen-hawk in the country. It is so arranged that when a hawk, mink or polecat pounces on to it the back springs open the wings fly up and force the assailant onto a ravenous buzz saw that makes 1,700 revolutions per minute. After moving half a minute, the saw stops, the hen closes up, folds its wings, begins to cackle as though it had just laid an egg. One winding up will answer for three massacres, provided the rather delicate machinery does not get clogged up with too much blood, bones and feathers. He set a freshly painted one out in the sun to dry last Wednesday, which attracted the attention of a fine old cat belonging to a doctor who had been poking a great deal of fun at the fool thing. This hen is there but the cat is hence.

At a recent sheep sale, in Aclaid Australia, by Mr. W. E. Pitts, 163 Merino rams brought an average \$263 each; one sold for 950. In two days' auction 3,122 head were disposed of at good prices for all.

The Cass County Breeders' sale of Short horns at Pleasant Hill, Mo., May 23, was unsatisfactory to the owners. Sixty-nine head were sold at an average of \$82. Kansas men took advantage of low prices to buy largely.